***IMPORTANT.*** ***See page 11.***

# JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII. No. 453. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1915. ONE PENNY

*[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]*

A 75039
For meaning of this No. see page 11. of cover.

**Come the three corners of the world in arms,**
**And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,**
**If *Britain* to itself do rest but true.**

**Edited by**
**HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.**

*Largest Circulation of any Weekly Journal in the World.*

**OUR STUPENDOUS FREE INSURANCE** (See page 11.) If you desire to avoid the necessity of filling up this weekly coupon you may sign the Newsagent's Order Form on page 11, and forward the duplicate to us and you will be *permanently insured* during such period as this Insurance scheme remains in force.

**SPECIAL NOTE.—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's Form on page 11, fill in this form and carefully retain it. In the event of a claim it must be forwarded to the Editor of "John Bull" within seven days of the date of the accident.**

# GREAT WAR INSURANCE COUPON.

**(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified on page 11.)**

*Name of Insured*..... *Address*.....

*Age next Birthday*.....

## NOMINATION FORM.

**In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my Death:—**

*Name*..... *Address*.....

**to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out in "JOHN BULL."**

*This coupon must be signed by the Insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age, by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for London and twelve-mile radius till 8 a.m. Wednesday, February 10 and all other parts of the British Isles till 8 a.m. Thursday, February 11.*

## WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—
ROBERT S. EWART, Gowanbrae, Middleton Street, Alexandria, Scotland. 662,610. January 9th.
W. G. CARR, 10, Whitby Street, North Shields. 801,810. January 16th.
ERNEST BOYS, Walgrave, Northampton. 651,935. January 9th.
A. H199, 164, Kings.on Road, Oxford. 296,811. January 16th.
Pte. D. CALDWELL, 14,130, Section 5, "A" Company, 2nd H.L.I., Gailes Camp, Ayrshire. 551,246. January 16th.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of January 30th:—

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 000428 | 194034 | 394569 | 624450 | 816559 |
| 013454 | 204602 | 411053 | 646225 | 830165 |
| 024059 | 218690 | 420877 | 651684 | 842300 |
| 090539 | 234261 | 444279 | 665817 | 875072 |
| 115296 | 242756 | 485090 | 694918 | 901432 |
| 142169 | 267221 | 505789 | 711151 | 957820 |
| 151886 | 310274 | 529735 | 718861 | 962700 |
| 157962 | 320418 | 551260 | 739263 | A000058 |
| 167330 | 331952 | 566917 | 746072 | A009374 |
| 175411 | 374330 | 591345 | 768740 | A032869 |

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.
The Fifty Numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published February 10th).

## JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" or "Mary Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 Coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. February 6, 1915.

*N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib*

## FIRST READ THIS.

If you predict the "Home" Team will win, put in ink a X in the Home Column; if you predict the "Away" Team will win, put a X in the Away Column. For Draws put a X in the Draw Column.

# John Bull ENTRANCE FORM.

**Third Round Cup-Tie Contest.**
**Matches to be played Saturday, Feb. 20th.**

| AWAY | DRAW. | HOME TEAM. | | AWAY TEAM. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | Manchester C. | v. | Chelsea |
| | | Bradford City | v. | Norwich City |
| | | Southampton | v. | Hull City |
| | | Sheffield W. | v. | Swansea or New. U. |
| | | Brighton or Birm. | v. | Oldham Athletic |
| | | Bol. W. or Millwall | v. | Burnley |
| | | Sheffield United | v. | Bradford |
| | | Queen's P.R. | v. | Everton |
| | | Sunderland | v. | Blackburn Rovers |
| | | W. Bromwich A. | v. | Manchester United |
| | | Bristol City | v. | Wolvernampton W. |
| | | Preston N.E. | v. | Barnsley |
| | | Derby County | v. | Clapton Orient |
| | | Grimsby Town | v. | Stockport County |
| | | Huddersfield T. | v. | Fulham |
| | | Blackpool | v. | The Arsenal |
| | | Gillingham | v. | Southend United |
| | | Cardiff City | v. | Portsmouth |
| | | Northampton | v. | Reading |
| | | Watford | v. | Croydon Common |

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page, and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

Signed .....

**15** *Address* .....

.....

**Entrance Forms must be cut, not torn out.**

# Read Rules Carefully.

## NOTE METHOD OF MARKING COUPON.

1. We have adopted the following rule for marking the Entrance Form:—If you predict the Home Team will win, put a X in the Home Column; if you give the Away Team to win, put a X in the Away Column. For a Draw put a X in the Draw Column. The Cup-Tie teams given in Column 1 will remain the "Home" teams, even if some sell choice of ground.

2. Having done this, write in ink (typewriting or pencilling will not do) your name and address in the space provided, cut out the Entrance Form, and address it to "John Bull," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C., mark envelope in top left-hand corner, **Third Round Contest,** and send to reach us not later than **Friday, February 19th.**

3. The sum of £1,500 will be paid to the Competitor whose entrance form contains the correct results, as published in the "Sporting Life," of all the matches given played to a finish on February 20th. Should it happen that no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, a cash prize of £250 will be paid to the sender of a coupon with one error only. In the unlikely event of neither the £1,500 nor the £250 being won, £100 will be paid to the Competitor sending in the most correct forecasts whatever the number; and £25 to the sender of the most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon taken from "Mary Bull." If the sender of a mauve coupon should win or share the £1,500, the £250, or the £100, the "Mary Bull" prize will be awarded to the sender of the next most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon.

4. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort. No correspondence will be entered into, neither will interviews be granted.

5. Any effort on which any alteration has been made will be disqualified.

6. In the event of a tie or ties in this Competition, the £1,500, the £250, the £100, as well as the special £25 mauve coupon prize, will be equally divided.

7. Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

8. Scottish readers may enter.

**CONTEST CLOSES FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19th.**

## DUPLICATE COUPON.

**The following duplicate list of the matches is printed solely for the convenience of Competitors desirous of keeping a record of their efforts. It must on no account be sent in, and will not be accepted as proof of forecasts made on the Entrance Form.**

| H | A | D | TEAMS. | H | A | D | TEAMS. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | Manchester City v. Chelsea | | | | Bristol City v. Wolverhampton W. |
| | | | Bradford City v. Norwich City | | | | Preston N.E. v. Barnsley |
| | | | Southampton v. Hull City | | | | Derby County v. Clapton Orient |
| | | | Sheffield W. v. Swansea or Newcastle U. | | | | Grimsby Town v. Stockport Cnty |
| | | | Brighton or Birmingham. v. Oldham A. | | | | Huddersfield Town v. Fulham |
| | | | Bolton W. or Millwall v. Burnley | | | | Blackpool v. The Arsenal |
| | | | Sheffield United v. Bradford | | | | Gillingham v. Southend United |
| | | | Queen's Park Rangers v. Everton | | | | Cardiff City v. Portsmouth |
| | | | Sunderland v. Blackburn Rovers | | | | Northampton v. Reading |
| | | | West Bromwich A. v. Manchester U. | | | | Watford v. Croydon C. |

# JOHN BULL.

*Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:*
*Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.*

Vol. XVIII. No. 453. Week ending Saturday, February 6th, 1915. One Penny.


## IMPORTANT NOTICE.

*Letters must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. All communications should be addressed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

## £10 REWARD.

*WANTED, the Copy of "JOHN BULL" for January 30th, 1915, bearing on its Cover the Number 784,998.*

*Any person possessing this copy should apply to*
*THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL,"*
*93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.*


READY IN A FEW DAYS.

THE ALBERT HALL SPEECH.

A verbatim report of Mr. Bottomley's speech at the great Albert Hall meeting, held on January 14th.

PRICE ONE PENNY. (Post free, 1½d.)

Mr. Bottomley's war verse—"Why is the Red Blood Flowing?" also on sale.

PRICE ONE PENNY (Post free, 1½d.)


## THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

**Our "Empire" Tour.**

Our little campaign at the great London Empire came to an end on Saturday, closing in a scene of remarkable enthusiasm. It was a daring experiment, but all's well that ends well. Now, political "leaders"!

**K. of K. to the Front?**

There are more unlikely things than that Lord Kitchener, as soon as he has completed the New Army, will go out to the front and take command of the British forces. That's the kind of War Minister we like.

**A Suggestion.**

The Germans say that they sank one of our cruisers during the recent naval engagement. Let us take them at their word, and ask them to furnish us with a list of the survivors whom they rescued, as we have done in the case of the *Bluecher*. Surely they will not say that they did not save *any* of the crew!

**The New Whip.**

The matter does not interest us very much, but we venture to express a doubt as to the wisdom of appointing Mr. Gulland to the position of Chief Government Whip. A Scotch teetotaler is scarcely the man for the post—and if Mr. Asquith *will* have a Scotch M.P., why on earth didn't he ask a man of the world, popular with everyone, like Sir Henry Dalziel, to take on the job?

**"F. E."**

A bit of a shock was caused in political circles last week by the report that Mr. F. E. Smith had been wounded when on his way to the trenches with important dispatches. The latest news, however, is that his horse was shot under him by a German "sniper." It is said that Colonel Seely was riding with him, and that he, too, also had a narrow escape.

**The Order of the Boot.**

Judging by correspondence we continue to receive, it is not yet everywhere known that the names of the Kaiser, the Crown Prince of Germany, and Prince Henry of Prussia have been quietly excised from the roll of Knights of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. There is nothing noble about the Kaiser and his brood.

**Rejected!**

Here is an idea. Let there be a special badge, authorised by the War Office, to be worn by every rejected candidate for enlistment. This would protect these patriotic and disappointed fellows from the cruel insults to which they are so often subjected.

**The Editor's Speeches.**

As will be seen from an advertisement on this page, a full report of the Editor's Albert Hall Speech will be on sale shortly. The question of publishing the "Empire" speeches is under consideration.

**Exit Masterman.**

So Mr. Masterman has "tendered his resignation." That—so far as we are concerned—ends the matter, and we wish the young man every success in his proper sphere of life—which was *not* in the Government. But surely our esteemed and usually well-informed contemporary, *Reynolds's*, is not right in its prediction that Mr. Montagu is now to be pitchforked into the "Duchy of Lancaster"—presumably with a seat in the Cabinet. *Cannot* the Prime Minister take a hint from the new spirit of the age, and invite one of the Opposition to the Council of the State?

**Judicial Changes.**

Several changes on the Judicial Bench are pending involving the appointment of at least two new judges. The present "favourites" for these honours are Mr. Duke, K.C., and Mr. Leslie Scott, K.C. Other papers, please *don't* copy.

**The General Election.**

The present intention of the Government is to introduce a short Bill extending the life of the existing Parliament for a year, to admit of all matters incidental to the war being cleared up.

**Warrington Warriors.**

We have just been officially informed that, as the result of our recent Recruiting Meeting at Warrington over one thousand men have enlisted. Now then, Parliamentary Recruiting Committee, wake up!


**For this week only! £500 for the best "Bullet." See page 28.**

**"Give Us Truth!"**

Even Maximilian Harden, one of the foremost and certainly the boldest of Germhun journalists, has arrived at the conclusion that General Joffre is to be praised for telling the truth, and that a measure of the virtue would be of advantage to his fellow-countrymen Perhaps; perhaps not. The Germhuns have been so stuffed with lies at breakfast, dinner, tea and supper, that it is a question whether they would appreciate or even recognise a meal of truth if it were served up to them At any rate, this is what we gather from the *Cologne Gazette.* "Circumstances often compel us," it said the other day, "to swerve from the right path and answer lies by lies. When the strong arms of our soldiers prevail we shall be glad to return to the habit of frankness." Which seems to show that the Germhun General Staff have so muddled up the poor editor that when he sees truth he does not know it, and when he knows it he is too dumbfounded to speak it. However, Herr Harden need not despair. Truth is of such doric simplicity that it is just possible the cultured intellect of the Germhuns may presently be able to recognise some of the leading features of its architecture.

**What a Clergyman!**

There is a clergyman, North London way, name not revealed, who really deserves a better advertisement than we are thus able to give him. A woman, whose husband—a soldier of the Grenadier Guards—has been killed at the Front, has explained to the North London magistrate that she asked the parson who married her to sign her identification papers, but because she had left the parish to live a few streets away he refused to do so. There are not many clergymen in London as mean and petty-minded as this one, thank goodness. Here is a poor woman, whose husband has verily died that such contemptible creatures as this parsonified poltroon may live, and yet he has not sufficient kindness or sympathy under his skin even to save her the trouble of running all over the neighbourhood to find somebody, defined in the regulations, to identify her. A pretty specimen of professional holy man, don't you think?

**The Sergeant's Growl.**

A sergeant of the Middlesex Regiment craves our leave for a growl. The growl is this: "Why in the name of heaven should a trained infantryman, as fit as a fiddle, and a good shot, be paid only one shilling a day when any decrepit old 'bus driver or youth of 18 who can sit on a motor-car and turn the handle is paid 6s. a day? Ye gods, it is enough to make a soldier turn in his grave. It is sickening to see these fellows going away without drill and without discipline, armed with brand new rifles which the majority of them do not know how to handle, and in any case for use for the most part well out of the danger zone, while thousands of trained soldiers are waiting in England for rifles. Also why should the ——"? But that seems about enough. Having had his growl, we trust the sergeant of the line now feels better.

**A Question Unasked.**

When the Board of Trade send out their employment inquiry forms there is one question they never ask—to wit, "How many of your employees have since the commencement of the war, although working full time, as before, been receiving only part wages?" The question is a very pertinent one, and we can assure the Board that there are still firms in this country who would not like to answer it. Peradventure this is why it is not asked

**Here we are Again!**

Miss Sylvia Pankhurst and her Suffragettes are again to the fore, this time in the rôle which we all appreciate. Heading a deputation to Lord Kitchener, she told that stern warrior that they could not accept "for one moment" the view that separation allowances or pensions to soldiers' wives should be withdrawn for any failure of the recipients to live up to accepted standards; "allowances and pensions should become their absolute property, as assured as if it were an investment in Consols." This have we said all along. A wife's allowance or widow's pension is accumulated reserve of wages due to the husband for national services rendered. The theory that the War Office is entitled to take it away because some of it is spent in tots of gin, or because the recipient is not as good as the War Office thinks she ought to be, is sheer robbery There would be a greatly reduced drain on the national cash-box if everybody who gets an official pension in this country had it taken away for being "naughty."

**Leyton's Vicar too Previous.**

What in the future lies in store for us from Germhun Zeppelins is not revealed by our prophets, but evidently some of our priests are premature. Take the sad case of the Vicar of Leyton. At the evening service the other Sunday the rev. gentleman, either during the sermon or among the psalms, announced that some of these unreliable Germhun gasbags had been circling round Chelmsford Cathedral, and that its escape from damage was attributable to the prayers of the congregation for the preservation of their sacred edifice. We do not say it was not, all we say is that there were no Zeppelins anywhere near, and that the dear Vicar was merely shaken to his foundations by an incident which did not happen Let us hope that, when it does happen, the prayers of the congregation will justify his anticipations. In the meantime, we note that the lightning conductor is still there.

**A Joke That's No Joke.**

If we were asked to say when a joke is not a joke, we should say when it concerned putting up the prices of essential commodities—for if the matter were not serious, especially for the poor, we really should catch ourselves grinning at the cool way in which one mercantile artist follows another in inflating his prices. Each in turn has his reasons pat The latest is the milkman, who says he wants an extra penny a quart because of the extra cost of food for cows. The firewood merchant has not yet published his reasons for increasing prices; but we will lay a small wager it has something to do with the fact that many consumers are carrying an increased quantity of timber under their hats

**Pecksniff Snuffed-Out.**

By a vote of 15 to 7 the Wandsworth Guardians have effectively snuffed-out the Paddington Pecksniffs who proposed that they should protest "against the indiscriminate granting of pensions, and that the Pensions Committee should establish the principle that pensions should be given to unmarried women only after full inquiry." One of the Guardians, Mr. Winfield, smashed, pulverised, and pounded this proposal; while the Rev. A. G. Prichard stigmatised it in terms of indisputable vigour as "a piece of disgusting, revolting, Pecksniffian hypocrisy." It does our heart good to find a clergyman in so broad-minded a galley.

**"If at First You Don't Succeed——"**

The wirepullers of the *Daily Citizen* are to hold another meeting in an endeavour to force a compulsory levy of sixpence per member upon Trade Unionists. *We shall be there!*

**£1,500 for a Football coupon—Third Round Contest. See page 27.**

**Level Up—Not Down.**

In a joint manifesto, the British Red Cross Society and the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England (as it is quaintly styled) inform nurses at the front that it has been resolved that: "As the two Societies are working together in every direction, the pay of employees of both Societies should be adjusted to the same level. Therefore, in future, all nurses who may be employed on the Continent by either Society will receive remuneration at the rate of £1 per week." The manifesto proceeds to point out that hitherto some of the nurses have been receiving less than half the salaries paid to others of no more than equal ability. Doubtless it is right that they should be treated on the same level, but surely it should be a levelling up—not a levelling down. Although it is stated that any change which may be made in the scale of pay is due "solely to a desire to leave as much money as possible available for the sick and wounded," we do not think that those whose salaries are so drastically reduced will share this view, however confident the authors of the document may be—especially as in various other directions economy might be more advantageously shown.

**"Treatment of Tommy and Jack".**

We have been inundated with letters regarding the article under the above heading, in our last issue. It will be remembered we stated that the Government allowance for the typical soldier's family—wife and three children—was 15s. Many soldiers' wives, and even soldiers themselves, assert that we are wrong, and that the amount received by such a family is 20s. a week. So it is, but in this sum is included the compulsory allotment of pay, made by the soldier, of 3s. 6d. a week and a penny a day for each child. We spoke of the Government grant. Then, as regards the billeting allowance, we said, in effect, that the minimum grant per week was 17s. 6d. Many householders tell us that they are in receipt of only 15s. At the time our article was written 17s. 6d. *was* the minimum—but since then the price of food and fuel having risen considerably, some humorist at the War Office has thought that the natural way to counterbalance matters is to lower the allowance!

**A Voice from the Rectory.**

A little late in the day, somebody sends us a number of the St. Andrew (Backwell) Parish Magazine. "It is our duty to try and keep bright and cheerful now," says the Rev. Schuyler—sounds a bit foreign, doesn't it?—Caudwell, the Rector, "but one cannot help wondering sometimes, when one considers the general indifference to God and Religion, whether victory in the war would be as really beneficial to us as defeat"; surely another example of that profound thought which has distinguished the utterances of so many clergy who have in these latter days sought to illumine counsel by words. The idea at the bottom appears to be that, if that fine old Christian gentleman, the Kaiser, came over here with his legions, he would teach our stiff-necked, backsliding, and wicked nation what God and Religion really are! What cant and clap-trap!

**"Anyone Here Seen Smith?"**

The Smiths who have joined Kitchener's Army are not so numerous as to prevent our recruiting authorities, when running their eyes down the list, discovering two of that ilk who have changed their names from Schmidt. One was Otto and the other Karl, and they hail from the region of Cleveland Street, London. They also threw Otto and Carl overboard, taking the Christian names John and Charles. Perhaps those in authority will find them out and send them right-about turn.

**Refugees and a Gate.**

Will somebody tell us who is in charge of the arrangements at the Alexandra Palace, where a horde of Belgian refugees at present find a home? There are two entrances to the grounds—one at Hornsey, the other at Wood Green, and somebody in his wisdom has closed the Hornsey gate, thus compelling our friends to always leave and enter by the Wood Green one. The refugees have a fair spending capacity, and the Hornsey shopkeepers are very naturally on the kick. It may be taken as certain that the Belgians themselves resent the closing of the gate, since it is a common sight to see them climbing over the railings in order to reach the Hornsey district. When the Palace was purchased, it will be remembered, Hornsey contributed £40,000 and Wood Green £35,000, the latter, however, benefiting in rates on the property to the extent of over £1,000 a year. There is no valid reason for this boycotting of the district that contributed the most money, and we suggest that somebody in command should have the gate thrown open, failing which it is up to the Hornsey traders to hold a public indignation meeting.

**Hats Off to Denbeath!**

Not until the other day did we know the whereabouts of Denbeath; now we have tracked it down on the map, and great is its glory. Denbeath is in Fifeshire, the constituency of Mr. Asquith; it has a total population of 2,500, and of these 1,000 have enlisted. In all Denbeath there is not now one eligible man who has not joined the colours. This is surely the record, and Lord Kitchener ought to have a special medal struck and presented to the chief of the clan, to be handed down from generation to generation in commemoration of Denbeath's unexampled patriotism. Perhaps his Lordship will also remember Denbeath when he is giving out the captured Germhun guns?

**Reservists' Wives in Canada.**

A good many Reservists, upon mobilisation, had to rejoin the Colours from Canada. Many of them are married men, who, of course, are anxious about the welfare of their wives and families, and some have written to us upon the subject. We have every confidence that the Canadian authorities will fulfil their honourable obligation, and await information that such is the case.

**Unpresented Presents.**

The Press announced that every wounded soldier was to receive a present from Princess Mary. We feel sure her Royal Highness will grieve to know that some of her valued gifts have gone astray, for we are receiving many letters of complaint. In one Military Hospital at Chatham, for instance, the present consisted of a few cigarettes only—and there were not enough to go round.

**Memo. to Mr. McKenna.**

A number of firms are engaged in making sausages for our troops, and the bulk of the labourers who prepare the meat and fill the skins are Germans! These men could do more deadly work in an hour than half a dozen Jack Johnson batteries could do in six months. Still, we *must* help the enemy within our gates—mustn't we, Mr. McKenna?

**From the Trenches.**

Extract from a letter received from a Captain of the R.F.A. at present in the trenches. "JOHN BULL is immensely appreciated by the troops out here. Mr. Bottomley's Albert Hall Speech is the best thing we have read for ages." Similar communications reach us almost daily from every branch of the Service.

**Our free War Insurance—More claims paid. See page 11.**

# THE ONLY WAY.

## HOW TO END THE WAR—AGRICULTURAL AND INDUSTRIAL CONSCRIPTION—FREIGHT AND CONTRACT KNAVERY—ITALY'S DUTY.

Our recent naval victory has undoubtedly bucked us up, but it must not blind us to our peril, or militate against our sober judgment in regard to the momentous problems involved in this epoch-making war. No one in the whole Empire felt more jubilant than did we, when the news arrived concerning our tars' splendid performances in the North Sea, for we have all along expressed supreme faith in our navy; man to man, ship to ship, we know we stand unrivalled in the waters. When nearly every other journal in London was decrying the British Navy, we lifted up our voice, like one in the wilderness, and preached the doctrine of faith in our ships and the men who manned them. "Britannia rules the waves," was our motto then; it is our motto to-day, and it is because of all we have written in the past, and because of our supreme faith in the future, that we dare to say to the British public: "Stop and think."

### CHANGED CONDITIONS.

Sea warfare to-day is not what it was in Nelson's time. Land war has changed greatly since Wellington and Napoleon stood face to face. Kitchener and Von Kluck have to adapt themselves to a very different set of circumstances, but the changes they have to grapple with are as nothing compared with the transformations in naval war. When Nelson said to Admiral Cochrane, "Damn tactics, sir; sight your enemy and go at him," he voiced the spirit of the British sailor of his period. If Jellicoe said that to-day he would lose a squadron and be counted a fool. But Nelson would not say it in 1915, for he had the genius of the sea in his blood and brain. Tactics count to-day as they never counted before. An Admiral has to fight not only the ships he can see, but the submarines that do their work under the water. It was the presence of the German submarine flotilla in the zone of action that prevented our North Sea squadron from chasing the German ships to their doom. That could not have happened in Nelson's day. But there is another consideration, which we want to drive home to every British heart and brain—a pungent lesson which all the daily papers have been silent upon. It is the lesson of numbers, in the right place at the right time. The preponderance of numbers in ships and might of metal was with the Germans off Chili, and our squadron went down—fighting grandly, it is true, but fighting vainly. Then we met the foe again, and on this occasion the odds were in our favour, and we sent them to the hollow of the sea. We met them once more a few days ago, and again the might of metal was in our favour and we whipped them, though they lied and said we pulled out of the battle If that were fact, how comes it to pass that we picked up a goodly number of the *Blucher's* officers and crew, and saved their lives? A beaten squadron does not stop to pick up its enemy's drowning men. Where are the survivors of the sunken British ships? But let us freely admit that the superiority of metal lay with us; it was for that very purpose we spent millions upon our navy—that we might outnumber as well as outclass our foes; that is the whole gamut of war in a nutshell—to have more men and better tools to fight with at any given time than the enemy. We tell the truth about it. When the enemy's massed battalions nearly smashed the life out of our handful of men in the savage rush from Mons to Compiegne, we did not lie or whimper; we took it as it stood, and prepared for the next rubber. They scored because the impact of men and metal lay with them, and our people must take this sea victory in the same light. We won because we had the stuff to do the trick. Indeed, in war, as in every other branch of life, if we are to prevail, we must always have a "bit up our sleeve"; we must have most ships in the fighting line. All we demand, therefore, is that whenever our squadrons meet the Germans, the balance of fighting power is not with the foe, as it was off the coast of Chili. We want no heroics; we want business—just cold, clean-cut business; that is war, that is what we are paying for; that is what we have a right to expect By-and-by, when the time is ripe, if the German fleet does not come out and fight of its own accord, we'll find a way to make them: but in the meantime we want a lot less of the shrieking of the daily press about "splendid victories"—when all but two German ships out of a squadron manage to run away from us to safety, to hide behind the shelter of their submarines. *We must make it impossible for any ship which ever ventures out into the North Sea to get back.*

### AGRICULTURAL CONSCRIPTION.

We never hesitated to look facts in the face, and we are not going to shirk our duty now. The time has come when we, as Britons, must decide whether we are to win or lose in this titanic struggle If we do not win, and win thoroughly—win root and branch—we are for ever damned as a people our Empire will be shaken to its foundations, and never again can we lift a voice or raise an arm in defence of little nations fighting for liberty and life But let it be understood that we are confronted with a task greater and more epoch-making than any our forbears were ever called upon to shoulder Our destiny hangs in the balance; and although we entertain no atom of doubt about the result, we are not quite satisfied with our present rate of progress *Let us get on with it* The Germans are saying that we are not as great as our fathers—it is ours to give them the lie; to prove that the men of to-day are greater even than the men of the past. If, indeed, the men of Nelson's and Wellington's day were greater than those of Kitchener and Jellicoe, then we are on the down grade, our glory is past, our splendour is lustreless; we are as withered boughs

on the old British oak. But we know it is not so; we are bigger, greater, grander men than our grandsires ever knew how to be. They were the wardens of a nation; we are the trustees and the guardians of an Empire. Men of every colour, faith and kin look to us for leadership and protection—and we will not fail them—we will be true to ourselves. Our dead shall not have died in vain—their spirits are with us to spur us on to high endeavour. We must make sacrifices, and make them gladly, and our great landowners must come to our help. The Government must *commandeer every acre of available land.* England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales must give of their best to the cause of the nation. This is no time for half measures; we must use the whole of our land that our fleet and our army have so long protected, and must grow grain and root foods, that we may triumph over the most ruthless foe civilisation has ever seen, and be in a position to laugh at his machinations, even though he succeed for a time in blockading our ports. We are no Vandals; we love the ancestral homes of Britain—but if necessary the nobleman, wherever practicable, must plough his parks and his deer forests. The millionaire must put his shooting under the plough, that the man who fights may be sure of food for his wife and child. The squire and the parson must give broad acres to the needs of Britain. Whether or not we ever have army conscription, let us have conscription in an industrial and economic form. Rich and poor alike must make sacrifices for the common weal, for the common good. ***And we must not any longer be dependent upon foreign countries for our food.***

### INDUSTRIAL CONSCRIPTION.

And every factory, every foundry that is not turning out munitions of war must be commandeered. We are fighting for our lives now, though the man in the street will not believe it. We will never stop now until our troops march in triumph through Berlin, but we demand a square deal for the men who are fighting. So long as we were called upon simply to defend our own Empire, we were invulnerable—invulnerable against the world. But to take a hand in a great Continental war is a different thing. We—that is to say, our Governments—never expected such a thing—and we had no army. Now we have to make one. This means a very special effort by British people—but it will be done —*provided every material resource of the nation be utilised.* We want to see this wicked, wasteful war terminated before half the world is bankrupt, and it can be terminated only by the absolute crushing of the Germanic monster. Trade, religion, freedom—all that our civilisation stands for—is wrapped up in the question of supremacy in this conflict, and we call upon all sorts and conditions of people within our own borders to make a supreme effort, and make it now; it will prove the cheapest way, both in blood and treasure.

### KNAVERY MUST BE SCOTCHED.

This is no time for the mincing of phrases; this is the time for the good old Anglo-Saxon tongue to assert itself. The thieving contractors who have been making millions out of the families of the men who are in the fighting line shedding their blood for *them*, must be suppressed. The rascality and rapacity of the shipping ring must be brought to the bar of public opinion. These harpies are hourly growing fat on the frauds they are perpetrating on the public, whilst the fleet is protecting them. They move in the very highest circles—these brigands who are robbing the widows and orphans of our sailors and soldiers. In some cases they are the pillars of the churches; they are in many instances the leaders of society; and they pray and philander whilst they plunder the gallant men who are being maimed and killed that *they* may live on the fat of the land. This foul thing must stop, or we must know the reason why. We have held our peace long enough; now we are going to speak out, and *there are forty-eight millions of people behind us.* We say these traitors within our gates must be brought to book. How else shall we deal with the enemy beyond our gates, if our own kin fatten off our own lean bodies? What taunt have we left to throw at the Hun? We must clean our own stables before the foe comes to the gates. And we call on Kitchener to do it. This is the soldier's era. The statesmen, in their damnable feebleness, have let go of the plough; the Party system has killed them. We need an iron man, and Britain can supply the need, as she always has done.

### EUROPE'S DUTY.

One word more. We do not stand alone. The whole of Europe is suffering from the German plague. The paralysis of business, the insecurity of property and life are not felt by belligerents only; it is a world-burden, and the whole European world should rise and crush the scourge, and crush it now—*more especially the Dutch and Latin races*; the Dutch, because they will assuredly share the fate of Belgium if German arrogance is not quickly tamed; the Latins, because all that they have struggled and stood for in the past, all that they hope for in the future, is menaced. *There should be no more delay upon the part of Italy.* The time has come for her to throw her army and navy into the scale on one side or the other; we have little doubt which side she will choose, for Austria is her hereditary enemy. Italy must range up alongside France, Belgium and Britain, and bring the war to a finish. We respect Italy as a nation, but would point out to her that, at a juncture like this, the attitude of "sitting on the fence" is almost as dangerous to the allied powers as open hostility would be. National dignity and tradition, safety and self-interest, all demand that our great Latin neighbour should speak now with the eloquence of lead and steel; and we respectfully call upon her to decide. Spain also should step into the fray. A century has passed since she had such an opportunity to rekindle the glories of her past. And the downfall of the Teuton tyrant would mean much to her. This is a war aimed at the whole European world, and it is time Europe awoke to the fact.

To sum up, our Navy must see to it that at no point are we ever outnumbered in ships; our land must be utilised, to the last available acre, in the production of food; our factories must put all else aside to assist in the supply of war material; our shipping rings and other monopolist frauds must be frustrated; Italy, and possibly Spain, must come and take a hand in the fight. Then the war will be over—and the world will be at peace.

## A SWINDLING HOOKSTER."

### FOREST HILL "PSYCHOLOGIST'S" THIEVING PRACTICES.

A pretty specimen of a charlatan is William Henry Edwards, "Professor of Nervo-Vital Magnetism," residing at 6, Wynell Road, Forest Hill, S.E. His speciality appears to be to impose on fools by trotting out all the well-worn jargon of his tribe about applying "Psychological Healing in all its ramifications of magnetism, hypnotism, suggestion, absent treatment and spirit power," through his own human organism. Edwards pretends that he has in this way cured almost all the ills which flesh is heir to. Clairvoyancy tells him how his patients became afflicted, and, by magnetic passes he demagnetises them—after which he pours his own personal power into them by the action of his fingers, this process effecting a cure. It is, of course, tomfoolery of the wildest description, but Edwards solemnly assures his potential dupes that he has for many years been engaged in co-operation with distinguished physicians, whom he does not name, and who, we take the responsibility of declaring, do not exist. Similarly false are his assertions that his "cures are authenticated and admitted by the Government and the British Medical Council."

One poor woman, who had lost her hearing, was caught in the trap. She lives at Winchester, and sent for him to come to her, paying him £4 10s. on account of the £5 5s. which he demanded as a fee for curing her. She had only one treatment—and experienced no improvement in her hearing, much less a cure. She has, however, received some remarkable letters from the man, portions of which are veritable gems. One, in reply to her first communication, contains the following passage:—

> Well, I have always found only special cases are sent to me, and that by Spirit Power I expect your Controls are sending you to me

As a matter of fact, this special case came to him through so prosaic a "medium" as one of his advertisements in the *Occult Review*.

After his first visit, he wrote, ambiguously:—

> Now I have set up *rapport*, I shall be able to aid you by absent treatment. I mean to get you quite right.

In another communication he suggested that she should visit him on these hospitable terms:—

> I shall treat you in the afternoon after you arrive. My terms will be 15s. for the two treatments (7s. 6d. each), and for 3s. 6d. Mrs. Edwards will find tea, supper and breakfast in addition to bed.

In another—she not having accepted the invitation to walk into his parlour—he expressed himself cocksuredly thus:—

> According to my information from my Spirit Controls, who promised effectual assistance, you should now be feeling the benefits of my treatment. I am assured your hearing is improved, and naturally I desire you to verify the statement.

The patient's letter must have been disappointing, for she told Edwards that his Spirit Controls were liars—which roused him to wrath, though he could find no more logical retort than:—

> As you use such silly sneers about Controls, if it is any use to you they told me you would not come, which is why I wrote.

He had evidently forgotten that in his previous letter he had said:—

> I also desire particularly to know if you intend coming to London as arranged. If you are, I wish to know by Monday.

In his last communication, he did his "durnest" to terrify his anticipated dupe, in the hope that his first reading of her character was not so erroneous after all, writing her:—

> Let me warn you not to speak slightingly of Controls. They have a nasty way of resenting such slights. They could read every thought of your mind when I came down and so furnished the conditions. If they see you were false or unworthy of their work, they would take care you retained your infirmity despite all I could do.

If his Controls have not already communicated to him what is in our mind, we take this opportunity of informing him in plain, unvarnished English, that he is an unprincipled scoundrel, a consummate liar and a damned thief. Let him now set his whole bag of tricks, including his Controls, before twelve jurymen.

## TOPSY-TURVY TRADE PROTECTION.

### "WHO DRIVES FAT HORSES SHOULD HIMSELF BE FAT."

We desire to place readers on their guard against the pompously-styled "British Commercial Agency for the Protection and Promotion of Trade," *alias* W. J. Simmons, *alias* W. Martin, *alias* Martin and Co., of 88, 89, and 90, Chancery Lane. The individual who is running the concern advertises that he negotiates partnerships and buys and sells businesses, and offers his services to traders and others in financial difficulties requiring loans repayable on easy terms, besides tendering help to debtors against whom County Court judgments have been registered. The "Agency's" circular states that its accountants are Martin and Co.—the position thus being that Simmons, as that firm, is accountant to himself as the Agency!

In October last, Simmons, as the "Protector and Promoter of Trade," was advertising for a collector, interviewer, &c., at a salary of thirty shillings a week. A reader was engaged, as one of the conditions lending Simmons £25, repayable at a month's notice. Soon after he was installed, Simmons pleaded that business was bad, and asked for a further loan of £40. This accommodation was refused—and no wonder, for £3 was already owing for arrears of salary. A more modest request for £10, "repayable £11 on November 6th," met with no better reception. Notice was then given requiring repayment of the amount already advanced, in response to which Simmons handed over a post-dated cheque for £28 (the difference being in respect of wages in arrears), but the day before its due date he asked that it should be held over for another week. When it was ultimately presented it was dishonoured, and has not been paid since. On several occasions Simmons made promises to settle the debt by instalments, but has not kept them. He now tells us that he has all along been quite unable to pay the amount, and we do not doubt this particular assertion, as we have details of another case where a creditor for half-a-guinea had very great difficulty in procuring even so small a sum. Under whatever name he trades, Simmons hardly smells sweet. He is, we understand, endeavouring to arrange a partnership with some moneyed individual—who we hope will see this article, as it should save him from losing his money and possibly besmirching his reputation.

## A REJECTED REQUEST.

### PORTLAND PRISONER'S PATHETIC PLEA FOR A PASS.

There has just been released from Portland Prison a man who has served a term of five years. He is married, two of his sons being in the Army. In October last one of the lads was at Weymouth, preparing for embarkation to France, and thinking he would like to see his father—perhaps for the last time—he wrote a hurried letter to the prisoner asking him to obtain a permit for a few minutes' interview. As war news is now communicated to persons in durance vile by order of the Government, and Portland is adjacent to Weymouth, the lad's request would seem to be one quite reasonable and easily complied with—indeed, the same opinion was held by his Commanding Officer. The Governor of the Prison, however—a gentleman by the name of Schuyler—did not share this view, and the pleadings of the convict fell on deaf ears; whilst, to add to the irony of the situation, the man was actually entitled to a permit for a visitor three weeks later. In a pathetic letter to the lad he says:—

> Never mind my son, keep smiling and a good heart. God bless you and—and the thousands of other boys that are in France and Belgium on the same errand. Do your duty and smash up those bally Germans. I hope you will come across your brother and that you will forgive me the wrong I have done you. It is your birthday on the 16th—"Many happy returns," my lad, but under brighter circumstances.

We sincerely hope so. May father and sons be soon united; for a man who can write such a letter whilst suffering from the treatment we have described, must have good in him. Perhaps an explanation may be found in the fact that he is an Irishman, and evidently not of the same breed as the Governor.

**Great New Football Contest—£1,500 prize. See page 27.**

## MR. HITCHINGS, OF EVESHAM.

### STRANGE STORY OF A RECRUITING LECTURE.

There is at Evesham an ironmonger and cycle agent with astounding notions of patriotism; in fact, the ideas of Mr. Hitchings regarding the duty of the citizen to play the part of a citizen are apparently of so extraordinary a kind that we cannot resist the temptation to give them full publicity. It would appear that the facts are these. Recently the Liberal and Conservative agents of the Evesham Division—happily acting in harmony for once in a way—undertook, on behalf of the Joint Parliamentary Recruiting Committee, to arrange a series of lantern lectures throughout the constituency. It was not intended to be, and in its nature and origin necessarily could not be, a political affair, and it was organised quite apart from any religious body, the sole object of the lectures being to obtain recruits for Lord Kitchener's Army. Unfortunately, the two agents were without a lantern; even when they managed to borrow one from a local printer and bookseller it was a bit wobbly about the chimney and needed wick and oil. In this extremity they called at the shop of Mr. Hitchings and desired him—of course, for cash—to repair the apparatus and furnish it with the necessary supplies. With the air of a man who had never before seen a "magic-lantern" in the district, the peculiar Hitchings desired to know for what purpose it was required, and when he was told it was to be used for picture lectures to assist recruiting, he was aroused to such a pitch of moral indignation that he ordered his visitors to take it out of the shop, as he would have nothing whatever to do with it. Only a few days before, Mr. Hitchings had refused to sell a motor cycle to a young man who had obtained a commission in the Motor Cycle Corps, and who required it for use in the service of his country. As a consequence the young officer was delayed for several days in obtaining a mount elsewhere and had to join another company. What could, or can be, the motive underlying the pernicious attitude of this Evesham tradesman is difficult to understand; this is a free country, and he is entitled to sell, or refuse to sell, to whom he pleases. He would be within his individual rights in declining to exchange a ha'po'rth of tinned-tacks for cash from a customer because he was in khaki, or a penn'orth of hob-nails to a child because her father wanted them to hammer into his Army boots. There is nothing German about the name of Hitchings—it sounds English enough, at any rate; nor can we suspect its owner of desiring the Germans to come over to Evesham and upset his ironmongery all over his shop. We also presume he is of average sanity and has not attracted the attention of the Lunacy Commissioners. Why then should the fact that a lantern was to be used to illustrate a lecture written to attract volunteers arouse his Norman blood to such internal fury that he should order out of his shop two customers seeking wick and oil?

## ROBEY'S RELUCTANCE TO REMIT.

### COVENTRY COMPANY'S CARELESS CONDUCT.

We are receiving many complaints concerning Chas. T. Robey, Ltd., calling himself "The World's Provider," of Coventry. To take one: Some two months ago, a reader sent for a "Robeyphone" on the instalment system, enclosing a deposit of 5s. 3d. Both order and cash were duly acknowledged, but at the same time a request was made for the signature of "a responsible householder, duly witnessed," as a surety. This was promptly furnished. About a week later, Robey wrote demanding the signature of a further "responsible householder." This our reader refused to provide (and reasonably so, in our opinion), but wrote instead requesting the return of his deposit. Meantime, Robey had communicated direct with the surety, asking whether the signature on the form of guarantee was his own. So that there might be no question about it, the surety signed the form again and returned it at once to Coventry. Alas! sad to relate, even this did not have the effect of extracting a "Robeyphone" from Robey—and, what is rather worse, the 5s. 3d. deposit remains in "The World's Provider's" hands!

## PENALISING POVERTY.

### STRAINING THE QUALITY OF JUSTICE.

There is a good old Tommy serving in the Royal Fusiliers. He went through the Egyptian campaign, and has the medal and star. When war broke out he smelled powder once again, and answered our "King and Country's" call, giving up his job, leaving his wife and children to the tender mercies of the State, confident that they would be looked after. Then measles broke out in the family. The poor mother kept the eldest child at home to help her while she nursed the two younger. Thereupon the education authorities jump down on her, with the result that she was dragged into the police court dock and fined ten shillings, with the alternative of seven days in gaol! The poor woman had not the money, and went to prison. As the father writes, "What of my children without father or mother; also my home? Surely this is not a fair and just reward for my loyal and faithful service to my King and Country." No. It is not, and the school authorities of Walham Green, Fulham, and the Magistrate who so lightly sent the poor woman to gaol ought to be ducked in the river. A mother in a prison cell breaking her heart over her children; a girl of 14 looking after the "home"—with illness in it—and a man in khaki breaking *his* heart over the whole thing! It is monstrous. So long as such things can occur, for God's sake let us have done with all the cant about the splendid times we will give the wives and children of the men who offer up their lives on the altar of patriotism.

A dock labourer has been out of work for several months, suffering from heart disease. The school authorities found that his child was not as clean as it might be, and the result, again, was a summons. Any "sticks" which belonged to the unfortunate people had been sold for food—they slept on rags on the floor, and had no bath, or even a basin and jug. At Old Street Police Court the poor fellow was fined ten shillings—in default of paying which, and although suffering from heart disease, he was ordered to go to gaol for seven days! But we have seen to it that he will not be branded as a criminal; we have paid his fine. Oh, most righteous, well-fed, well-paid Old Street cadi! Almost at the same time the identical Magistrate convicted a man of stealing money by means of the notorious "mock auction" trick, and let him go free, on his own recognizances in £5!

A poor woman living in Kensal Road has eight sons, the eldest 13, and an invalid husband. She has to face the daily problem of how to scrape up enough money for house, fire, light, food and clothing. The 13-year-old, to help her, sold newspapers from 6 to 8 in the evening. The other evening the eagle eye of an L.C.C. officer spotted him, and he was brought home, his mother being told that he was too young for the work. The bewildered woman at once took the lad off the job; but the inevitable summons came, and she was fined five shillings and given a week to pay the amount. The mother now writes, "The Magistrate asked me if I did not know the law. I said 'No.' He said, 'You know it now.' Should the fine not be paid, I wonder what will become of my boy." We have seen to all that.

## GASSON TURNS THE GAS OFF.

### LIGHT ON ANOTHER ARMY CLOTHING SCANDAL.

Mr. H. J. Gasson, "Government contractor," of Rye, seems to be like Jacob of old, in possessing coats of many colours. In his advertisements he offers second-hand military clothing for sale, including "Blue Army"—we thought the Huns came more in this category—overcoats at 12s. 6d., promising to return the money if the buyer is not satisfied. We hear of one customer who in November last sent Gasson an order and the cash. He received a short rubber coat, which he returned, requesting to be supplied with the article he had stipulated for. He then received a blue overcoat not large enough to accommodate a youngster, much less a man standing 5 ft. 10 ins. in his boots. This was also returned, with the request that the money should be refunded. Gasson then went to sleep, for not one word has reached his customer in reply to three letters. Gasson has evidently turned the gas off.

**Every patriotic Briton should wear the "John Bull" Badge.**